

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1908.

Romance
of Present-Day
New York



DAPHNE.

(Copyrighted, 1907, by Clara Morris.)

CHAPTER I.

The Girl He Loved.

It was the last Tuesday in April and next to the last day of the month. The eagerly awaited spring had come early to the winter-worn, shivering people of the city. So early that in its tiny private, iron-fenced inclosure everything buddable had budded, small almond plants had rushed madly into pink flushed bloom, and the big four-story and basement brown-stone house, that seemed somehow to dominate the park with a certain stately ugliness, found its hard brown face all adrip with the pendulous, amethystine glory of a riotous wistaria vine.

There were other houses in that old-time place that supported the somewhat ragged and slovenly growths of wistaria for the sake of their springtime glory, but not one that burst the buds and threw aside the ceremonies of wintry death so early; and neighboring residents were wont to say:

"The old Keith wistaria is out; now ours will bloom shortly."

Save for the vine the old Keith mansion had for years been changeless, expressionless as the face of a trained diplomat.

The house was occupied nearly the year round by old Prof. Keith and the young Dr. Keith, his grandson. Yet there were those living near who were so impressed with its stony immobility that they doubted, should the old man pass away, whether the stately double door would yield its silver handle to the black swathing of crape that would seem such a vulgar public expression of changes within.

A Grim Household.

Back in the sunny extension, beyond the two dim drawing-rooms, old Prof. Keith and his grandson, Philip, were breakfasting together, for what would be the last time for several months. To-morrow would be Dr. Keith's wedding-day. Both men seemed a trifle self-conscious. The doctor was operating a French drip coffee pot, and Prof. Keith, resting one arm heavily on the table, watched him intently, as if he was studying a familiar face under a new, strange light.

His eyebrows, strong and black, in odd contrast to his white hair, had a Mephistophelian-like lift to the outer corners and a disconcerting trick of racing rapidly, malevolently, up and down above his piercing, dark eyes. His nose, the feature he had seen reappear without modification in his two descendants, son and grandson, was straight and powerful, with the broad, sensitive, wing-like nostrils of the strong-tempered man. His mouth was hard, the lips meeting evenly, and pressing into a tense line at times.

A fine intellectual, the high, double-eyelid type; a scholarly-looking man; immaculate as to linen, but otherwise careless in his old-fashioned dressing. Big, bony, powerful for a man of seventy-seven years, was Prof. Galbraith Keith, who had one passion, one love, one hobby.

A Man of the Past.

For years of university work, now well behind the famous old scholar; years of instructing, of lecturing and writing, had failed to dull his lifelong passion for studying the dead languages. Sanskrit—that best preserved, most sacred literary treasure of India; Greek—sonorous and stately; Hindustani, modern Aryan, as he termed it, those ancient languages that in the dim, past sprang vivid and expressively from a million ardent lips, that now are smothered into silence beneath the dust of dead centuries; each speech splendidly beautiful, exciting the imagination and prowess of king and warrior, whose untouchable glory must have passed bubble-like into nothingness but for the patient backward search of a few devoted scholars, who delve in the past as other men delve in mines.

Hieroglyphics, the sacred writings of Mexico or of Egypt, thrilled him with joy to-day, as they had done fifty years ago. Aryan was to him what the "open sesame" was to Aladdin. Aryan—mighty parent of splendid tongues! To speak the word was to open up to him through illimitable distances the past, peopled with tremendous mythologies, with dynasty stretching dizzily behind dynasty! That stupendous past, that made the transient present a thing of small account! Hence the dust-veiled furniture, and content withal.

So much for the passion of "Old

Comparative Phil"—as irreverent students used to call him.

His hobby was his treatment of rare wines and spirits, his love was for Dr. Philip Galbraith Keith, his grandson and namesake, who, in case of his own death, would be the last member of the once numerous Keith family. So perhaps it was well the boy should marry. Only—ah, when was there ever a marriage without an "only?"

The Bridegroom.

An air of puzzlement came upon the professor's face as he studied the doctor sitting opposite. A man who was good to look at; wholesome, clear-eyed, not greatly above medium height. The fine, all-round development of his well-proportioned body suggested that athletics had been—well, let us say, included in his college curriculum. His was not the high-spired, elongated, melon-shaped head; on the contrary, the broader head, the squarer, forward thrusting of the jaw of the fighting man was his; the man of the day, of the hour, who lives in the present, works for the future, and ignores utterly the past.

Active, alert, capable of intense concentration, physically unacquainted with suffering of any kind, Philip was often found lacking in sympathy by his patients, who yet willingly trusted themselves to his knowledge and skill. He had lived a remarkably clean and temperate life for a youth so free to "gang his ain gait." True, his grand-sire had warned, harangued and lectured him; but when did an enthusiastic sower of wild oats hold his hand at wisdom's word? So Philip's crop of wild oats had indeed been sparse and comparatively harmless, and to-day he looked a man with the right to marry a pure girl.

Suddenly the old man's brows ceased working up and down; comprehension shone in his dark eyes.

"Vanity?"

"Humph!" he grunted; "you have shaved off your beard! What's that for—vanity?"

The doctor laughed and passed his hand over his smooth cheek, and answered:

"No, sir; that was not my motive. You will admit, I am sure, that a woman should have a chance to see the face of the man she is about to marry?"

"Humph! I thought it was for woman that you grew that great beard of a Turk?"

"Women? Granddaddy, for cantankerous, elderly women, who would not accept the medical services of any smooth-faced boy. For to the middle-aged, middle-class woman a strong beard is the direct result of profound knowledge and immense experience. Now, however, that my practice is secure, hereafter I shall brazenly meet the world bare-faced, or nearly so!" he corrected, drawing out the ends of a handsomely curving mustache. "And I'll silence my old women by telling them I have shaved for purely hygienic reasons."

"Who takes charge of your practice during your absence?"

"Oh, Jones, of course! He's a clever fellow in spite of his eccentricities, and I am sure we shall do well when we join forces in the fall. You must take a look in now and then at the new offices, sir. Painters are at work in them now. Page, hand the professor his coffee. Only six minutes further west, yet it will seem odd to have my doctor's shingle moved from the home door to a new location."

The Woman in the Case.

"Don't you know that to take a woman into your life means continual change?"

"Oh, yes, and for the better," smiled the expectant bridegroom, turning his attention to lamb chops and hot breakfast rolls, and not at all disturbed by the fact of their being served in a Haviland soup plate.

"Shall you see our young lady to-day?" asked the professor.

"Not so lucky, I am afraid! She is conventionally invisible to-day."

The old man's face fell.

"Confound their trivial little conventionalities! I wanted her to pass judgment on—or—this" (laying his hand upon a dainty looking flat package, lying by his plate).

"But, my dear sir," interrupted Philip, "you have already been most generous to us both, and the chest of silver—"

"Tut, tut!" snapped the old man, "that's for the household. The old girl you are wearing is mine."

"You are wearing it? We never had it! This is for herself. I have neither taste nor training in the selection of gifts. Whenever heretofore a brother professor has married, I grabbed a chunk of silver, no matter what shape, so it was big enough, and solid, and was done with the thing. But this—" he smiled a little—"this is different. You love her and I love you, my boy—so I'd like to please your Daphne, if possible. Take a look at it, will you?" and he passed the package over to his grandson, whose exclamation of pleased surprise as he opened the case was gratifying to the last degree to the watching old man.

A Bridal Gift.

"Pearls, pearls! for Daphne. How perfectly they will suit her and what joy she will take in them! Sir," he jested, "you are, I think, the same old gentleman who has lately been haranguing me, in season and out of season, on the beauty and value of economy?"

"Well, you surely don't expect me to practise as well as preach, do you?" grinned the Professor, amiably. "You find those pearls well matched, don't you, Philip?"

"Perfectly, sir, and I'm going to put them beneath the glass presently, just

as much for the passion of "Old

THE NEW EAST LYNNE

By Clara Morris,

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown" and Others.

Illustrations by PENRHYN STANLAWS.



BEAUTIFUL DAPHNE CUYLER.

In this sketch Artist Stanlaws not only gives an impression of the beauty of the heroine, but he also suggests with pictorial emphasis the malign influence that prevails in her life. "Turk" Belden, cultivated pleasure lover, "the perfect fine flower of the sea, of three generations of inherited wealth," sees and falls in love with her. Miss Morris describes as follows his emotions on first seeing Daphne: "In the moment of realizing her beauty—lo, a miracle! For along the dull, numb nerves there ran a thrill of life, of rapture keen to anguish! The man's face flushed a dull, dark red, a vein stood out like a letter 'Y' upon his brow, purplish black and throbbing visibly. He thrust his fingers inside his collar and dragged its pressure from his throat." Miss Morris introduces "Turk" Belden in Monday's installment.

for the pleasure of proving their beauty flawless. A charming choice of a gift, Granddaddy, and you may be sure it will go to the altar about pretty Daphne's neck."

"Pretty-pretty!" snorted the old gentleman, with snapping eyes. "Pretty! Good God, is that the term you apply to one of the superlative beauties of the world? Oh, what in Topical ever led this to make such a choice for a wife?"

"Why, I thought you approved of my marriage," said the Doctor dryly.

"So I do, so I do! Only why could you not have chosen some bright, pleasant-faced, ordinary girl, who would have asked nothing other than to be wife, home-maker, mother?"

"Daphne wishes for nothing higher or greater than I can offer, sir!"

A Sinister Warning.

"Not now, while you are all lovers of course not. But, my boy, you are affectionate and loyal rather than passionate or poetic, and science is the real idol of your life; so, by and by, when the effusive lover has merged into the silent, thoughtful husband—"

"What then?" I tell you, Philip, you do not realize the very exceptional quality of Miss Cuyler's beauty. Your masculine vanity, the triumph of quick conquest, the nearness of possession, all blur your usual clearness of vision. But I—I, who am old and cold and critical—I am amazed at it! You smile—eh?"

"Miss Cuyler is pure and sweet and unassuming now, but beauty dominates its possessor as well as its adorer. It can only live and thrive on adulation

to continuously speak of it. A woman takes nothing for granted, Philip, and when beauty finds general, simple comment begin to pull—she may give ear to amorous compliment as well. In three years from now your Daphne will be an imperially lovely woman that you can only protect from the world by the buckler of your spoken love—spoken, sir, spoken—that is the obligation you assume in marrying beauty, instead of an ordinary woman, who could be treated in the ordinary way by a practical, well-meaning husband."

"Oliver!"

"There, now, I have given my warning and said my say. After to-morrow Miss Cuyler will be your wife and secure from further comment. Understand, Philip, there is no blame to be attached to her in any way—it is no fault of hers that she is set aside from other women by her physical perfection—no, indeed! But, my boy, to speak frankly, I—I had begun to hope that you would wait two or three years longer and perhaps marry Oliver."

The doctor, who had been listening with a flushing and annoyed face, suddenly flung back his head with a roar of laughter that fairly filled the house.

"I—I laugh that freckled faced baby? Why, sir, if a man may not marry his grandmother, neither may he take to wife his little sister!"

"Sister! Sister! What nonsense you talk!" grumbled the professor, "Oliver is your cousin's stepdaughter, and of no blood kin at all! And as for being a baby, let me remind you that you

have been overlooking schools, and doctors, and holidays, and managing her small inheritance for a good ten years! Baby, indeed! Why she's only four years younger than your wife-to-be!"

Two Sorts of Love.

And still the doctor laughed. The thought of marriage with little Olive Marr, from whose toy dishes he had taken many an afternoon tea, sometimes in his own person, more often as an anxious parent of many children, whose condition he gravely discussed. Never robust, her growth had been retarded by innumerable illnesses, and even now she had but recently been advanced to the dignity of briding her reddish mane of hair into a great pigtail. Why, for three more years she would still be a child—anyway. He asked:

"What man ever loved a girl whom he had known all her life? You see it would have been impossible, granddaddy!"

"Not!" argued the old gentleman, "if she had been educated in a French convent, as I advised. Then she would have returned with the charm of novelty about her, and love might well have followed. I am sure such an idea was harbored by both your mothers, and as to your cry of 'Child! child!' let me tell you, Philip, your girl-child of fifteen is the physical equal of a male of eighteen or twenty. It will require a shock to open your eyes to that fact. I know, and I am willing to wager something

that Olive's 'baby' hand will administer to it."

"All right, sir; I'll welcome any experience that adds to my knowledge of human nature," laughed the doctor.

"How is Cousin Marr?" asked the professor, his eyebrows rising and falling rapidly again. "Will she see the summer through, thank you?"

"I hope so—oh, yes, I sincerely hope so. In fact, I am almost certain she will, for the tenacity of her frail hold on life is a thing to trust to as well as to wonder at. It is her will to live for little Olive's sake, and she does it. The winter has been cruelly hard upon her, but she is greatly pleased at the thought of passing the summer with you at Highlawn. It is very kind of you to have them here, sir."

"The House is Yours!"

"Humph! Kind! Why, the house is yours."

"But yours is the retirement, sir, that will be broken in upon—your study, both guests that the library is a place of danger, where man traps and spring guns lurk in dusty corners for the destruction of exploring females. I think, sir, you would do well to send old Clutterbuck up to Highlawn a day or two in advance of your own start. Page looking after you here and helping to shut the house for the summer or establishing a caretaker, as you think best. Then Cousin Marr and Olive might follow you in about a week—eh? All right? Good! Now, as I

must look in on the bank, stop a moment at the law office of Bowdoin & Bowdoin to sign a paper or two, see my tailor and the florist, run over my sick list once more with Jones, call to say good-bye to Cousin Marr, leave little Olive a consolation gift for missing my wedding to-morrow!"

"For God's sake, Page, give him his hat!" interrupted the professor. "He has no time to lose."

A Bad Omen.

"But I must deliver this first of all," smilingly added Philip, preparing to close down the cover above the pearl necklace on its blue velvet rest. "I would like a card for this, sir?" he suggested.

The old man drew out a fountain pen and a visiting card and dashed across it a line, which Philip read aloud: "All happiness to my dear grand-daughter, Daphne Cuyler Keith—just as Mrs. Clutterbuck, the cook, entered to ask if all was well with the breakfast, and she broke into a howl of protest."

"Oh, the bad luck of calling a bride-to-be by the new name before it's given her by the man of God's own lip! Oh, the pity of it, Mr. Philip! and she the beautiful creature the photograph shows her. What, pearls, too? For the love of God, are these men trying to see how many bad omens they can put upon the poor young thing's wedding! Pearls for tears, and calling her out of her name, too! I'm glad the responsibility is not on me for such doings."

"Clutterbuck," said the Professor, "you look after the house—we'll stand for the omens."

And while the woman still stood pleading her white apron, the doctor clapped on his hat, caught up his precious package and his gloves, and with a bright "Good morning, sir," was at the door, and through them before old Page had reached the middle of the hall, meaning to open them for him.

The Other Home.

As he was about to enter the cab, ordered the night before, he paused and looked up a moment, and noted the cold and stately reserve of the old house, that was but faintly softened by the drooping amethystine blossoms of the bronzy-green vine, and a light sprang into his cool blue eyes as he thought, "When Daphne comes here to reign the old house will blossom inside as well as out," and jumped into the cab and began his dash about the city.

Four o'clock found him dropping into an easy chair in the parlor of a pretty flat whose windows overlooked a bit of Central Park, and gladly accepting a cup of tea from the hand of the frail shadow of a woman he called Cousin Marr. They had discussed some small business matters, and with grateful tears she was thanking him for his unceasing care of her and hers.

"I thought it strange that my husband, Keith Marr, should burden so young a man as you were, Philip, barely twenty-one, with our affairs. But he was wise and clear of vision, and how faithful you have been to our interests! I am very happy to feel, Philip, and to be assured, that in your new happiness you will not forget my little one, in case my life should flicker out suddenly. No, no, dear friend, I have no special cause for fear, only the end cannot be far off now, and when I am gone Olive, my girl-child, will be alone in the world."

"Not while I am alive, Cousin Marr! The Professor is also very fond of Olive, and would gladly welcome her to our home."

"And—and your young wife, Philip—do you think she would consent to her presence?"

"Do you think," interrupted the doctor, "that she is too cold-hearted not to welcome to her home her husband's orphan ward? Ah, you do not know my Daphne! Have no anxiety there. The home of Daphne shall be also the home of Olive if need be. Where is the little one? I suppose the diphtheria scare is over now. When do the girls return to school?"

"That's Nonsense!"

"Monday next, I believe," answered Mrs. Marr. "And they will have to cram like geese if they are to make any show at commencement."

"I hope Olive is not going to over-exert herself?"

"I don't know. Dear me! I don't recognize the child these last few weeks. She has grown so irritable and provoking, and cries at a word, or even a

look. She adores you, but the announcement of your coming marriage seems to have turned her into a little spitting, hissing, back-arched cat."

"Oh, that's nonsense!" he objected, lightly. "Wait until she cuddles into this chair with me, and investigates my pockets. You will see the child un-changed."

And just then a thin, saw-toothed girl, with hair in a heavy pigtail and wearing an ankle-length skirt that plainly showed where a tuck had recently been let out, sprang into the room with a cry of rapture, rushed toward the doctor—only to stop suddenly and offer a limp hand, with a muttered "How do you do?" And during the next twenty minutes she proved herself a very porcupine abrade, and every quill an innuendo, an impertinence or a gaucherie.

"What on earth ails the child?" he wondered.

A Girl's Caprice.

Once her brown eyes glowed with a golden light for a moment, when she saw the slender bangle-bracelet of turquoise flowers he offered her. But at the term "consolation gift" she dropped it, saying childishly, "It would take more than that to console me for being altogether forgotten."

Suddenly she broke out accusingly: "You did not want us even to know how beautiful your Miss Cuyler is; but Mr. Belden called—just a stiff, got-to-dodt call on mamma—and he said Miss Cuyler was a friend of his, and that she was the loveliest woman outside of Paradise. And I asked him how he knew, and he said—"

But the girl went suddenly on: "He said he had made a lifelong study of the comparative beauty of women, and so he knew."

"What the deuce did the man mean by such ballyho!" exclaimed Philip.

"Well," persisted Olive, "how beautiful is she then—the one you're going to marry? Tell me that!"

"Why, like thousands of other women. She has a straight, strong body, a clear skin and clear eyes, and what every man seeks in the woman he loves—the beauty of perfect health."

Jealousy.

At the last words the poor, jealous child's angular body shrank as from a blow; her sickly face quivered all over. The doctor, who could have bitten his tongue in repentance for his unintentionally wounding speech, rose to take his departure, and, as he had always done, he lifted her resisting little face and dropped a good-by kiss upon her lips, then stood in mute amazement, for the child was dyed with one great agonizing blush, that seemed to scorch over neck and ear, over cheek and brow, and she looked at him with the eyes of an insulted woman.

"Why, Olive—little Olive!" he stammered, then turned and left the room. As he re-entered the cab, he suddenly recalled his grandfather's words: "Your girl-child of fifteen is the physical equal of a male of eighteen or twenty."

"By Jove, granddaddy was right!" he said, unconsciously. "Ah, well! In another twenty-four hours Daphne and I will be on the ocean. Olive will forgive her childish whim, and my wife's beauty will cease to interest any one but myself."

No wonder Puck cried, "What fools these mortals be!"

(To Be Continued.)

look. She adores you, but the announcement of your coming marriage seems to have turned her into a little spitting, hissing, back-arched cat."

"Oh, that's nonsense!" he objected, lightly. "Wait until she cuddles into this chair with me, and investigates my pockets. You will see the child unchanged."

And just then a thin, saw-toothed girl, with hair in a heavy pigtail and wearing an ankle-length skirt that plainly showed where a tuck had recently been let out, sprang into the room with a cry of rapture, rushed toward the doctor—only to stop suddenly and offer a limp hand, with a muttered "How do you do?" And during the next twenty minutes she proved herself a very porcupine abrade, and every quill an innuendo, an impertinence or a gaucherie.

"What on earth ails the child?" he wondered.

A Girl's Caprice.

Once her brown eyes glowed with a golden light for a moment, when she saw the slender bangle-bracelet of turquoise flowers he offered her. But at the term "consolation gift" she dropped it, saying childishly, "It would take more than that to console me for being altogether forgotten."

Suddenly she broke out accusingly: "You did not want us even to know how beautiful your Miss Cuyler is; but Mr. Belden called—just a stiff, got-to-dodt call on mamma—and he said Miss Cuyler was a friend of his, and that she was the loveliest woman outside of Paradise. And I asked him how he knew, and he said—"

But the girl went suddenly on: "He said he had made a lifelong study of the comparative beauty of women, and so he knew."

"What the deuce did the man mean by such ballyho!" exclaimed Philip.

"Well," persisted Olive, "how beautiful is she then—the one you're going to marry? Tell me that!"

"Why, like thousands of other women. She has a straight, strong body, a clear skin and clear eyes, and what every man seeks in the woman he loves—the beauty of perfect health."

Jealousy.

At the last words the poor, jealous child's angular body shrank as from a blow; her sickly face quivered all over. The doctor, who could have bitten his tongue in repentance for his unintentionally wounding speech, rose to take his departure, and, as he had always done, he lifted her resisting little face and dropped a good-by kiss upon her lips, then stood in mute amazement, for the child was dyed with one great agonizing blush, that seemed to scorch over neck and ear, over cheek and brow, and she looked at him with the eyes of an insulted woman.

"Why, Olive—little Olive!" he stammered, then turned and left the room. As he re-entered the cab, he suddenly recalled his grandfather's words: "Your girl-child of fifteen is the physical equal of a male of eighteen or twenty."

"By Jove, granddaddy was right!" he said, unconsciously. "Ah, well! In another twenty-four hours Daphne and I will be on the ocean. Olive will forgive her childish whim, and my wife's beauty will cease to interest any one but myself."

No wonder Puck cried, "What fools these mortals be!"

(To Be Continued.)

look. She adores you, but the announcement of your coming marriage seems to have turned her into a little spitting, hissing, back-arched cat."

"Oh, that's nonsense!" he objected, lightly. "Wait until she cuddles into this chair with me, and investigates my pockets. You will see the child unchanged."

And just then a thin, saw-toothed girl, with hair in a heavy pigtail and wearing an ankle-length skirt that plainly showed where a tuck had recently been let out, sprang into the room with a cry of rapture, rushed toward the doctor—only to stop suddenly and offer a limp hand, with a muttered "How do you do?" And during the next twenty minutes she proved herself a very porcupine abrade, and every quill an innuendo, an impertinence or a gaucherie.

"What on earth ails the child?" he wondered.

A Girl's Caprice.

Once her brown eyes glowed with a golden light for a moment, when she saw the slender bangle-bracelet of turquoise flowers he offered her. But at the term "consolation gift" she dropped it, saying childishly, "It would take more than that to console me for being altogether forgotten."

Suddenly she broke out accusingly: "You did not want us even to know how beautiful your Miss Cuyler is; but Mr. Belden called—just a stiff, got-to-dodt call on mamma—and he said Miss Cuyler was a friend of his, and that she was the loveliest woman outside of Paradise. And I asked him how he knew, and he said—"

But the girl went suddenly on: "He said he had made a lifelong study of the comparative beauty of women, and so he knew."

"What the deuce did the man mean by such ballyho!" exclaimed Philip.

"Well," persisted Olive, "how beautiful is she then—the one you're going to marry? Tell me that!"

"Why, like thousands of other women. She has a straight, strong body, a clear skin and clear eyes, and what every man seeks in the woman he loves—the beauty of perfect health."

Jealousy.

At the last words the poor, jealous child's angular body shrank as from a blow; her sickly face quivered all over. The doctor, who could have bitten his tongue in repentance for his unintentionally wounding speech, rose to take his departure, and, as he had always done, he lifted her resisting little face and dropped a good-by kiss upon her lips, then stood in mute amazement, for the child was dyed with one great agonizing blush, that seemed to scorch over neck and ear, over cheek and brow, and she looked at him with the eyes of an insulted woman.

"Why, Olive—little Olive!" he stammered, then turned and left the room. As he re-entered the cab, he suddenly recalled his grandfather's words: "Your girl-child of fifteen is the physical equal of a male of eighteen or twenty."

"By Jove, granddaddy was right!" he said, unconsciously. "Ah, well! In another twenty-four hours Daphne and I will be on the ocean. Olive will forgive her childish whim, and my wife's beauty will cease to interest any one but myself."

No wonder Puck cried, "What fools these mortals be!"

(To Be Continued.)

look. She adores you, but the announcement of your coming marriage seems to have turned her into a little spitting, hissing, back-arched cat."

"Oh, that's nonsense!" he objected, lightly. "Wait until she cuddles into this chair with me, and investigates my pockets. You will see the child unchanged."

And just then a thin, saw-toothed girl, with hair in a heavy pigtail and wearing an ankle-length skirt that plainly showed where a tuck had recently been let out, sprang into the room with a cry of rapture, rushed toward the doctor—only to stop suddenly and offer a limp hand, with a muttered "How do you do?" And during the next twenty minutes she proved herself a very porcupine abrade, and every quill an innuendo, an impertinence or a gaucherie.

"What on earth ails the child?" he wondered.

A Girl's Caprice.

Once her brown eyes glowed with a golden light for a moment, when she saw the slender bangle-bracelet of turquoise flowers he offered her